

February 21, 2013

Record of abuse (samples) in Provo, Utah by
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David Lee and Roselle

1. Date: Winter of 1990 (years old)
Time: Evening
Location: Upstairs bathroom, Provo House – 280 E. 2200 North

I was in the upstairs bathroom taking a shower. Normally when I took a shower I locked the door and then pulled out the drawer by the door, as a secondary security precaution. That night, were in and out getting ready and so the door was only closed. I was hurrying to rinse my hair as the hot water was running out and getting cooler every minute. I heard the door open and shut. I assumed it was one of and kept rinsing my hair. All of a sudden, the shower curtain was yanked back and I let out a small scream. It was and he had his violent look – jaw set, narrowed eyes, powerful demeanor. I had learned never to scream loudly during one of his attacks or he would become even more enraged. He grabbed my right forearm with his left hand, squeezing hard, and started quickly unbuttoning his pants with his right hand. I was crying and pleading with him to stop. The door opened and walked in. "David!" she said, "We are going to a concert tonight. We don't have time for this!" He yelled, "Get out, you b****!" Still holding onto my wrist, he pushed her out the door, slammed it shut, and pulled the drawer out. She opened the door as much as she could and kept yelling. They argued back and forth. She did not want to be late. She did not want to get bad seats. All this time I was sobbing and pleading with both of them. Neither of them acknowledged me. Finally he bellowed, "*Rosie! We won't be late!*" "Fine!" she yelled and closed the door. He used his feet to drop his pants and garments and kick them towards the door. Then he pulled hard on my arm so that I dropped down into the tub and onto my back. The water was cold now. The drain was a little slow, so there was a small backup of water in the tub. The shower was hitting me in the face, stinging my eyes whenever I opened them to see what was happening. I felt like I was drowning because I was crying so hard I couldn't breathe. was kneeling and taking off his shirt. He climbed in the tub. He knelt and pulled my legs up over his hips. It forced my chin down and curved my whole back. He leaned over me and began raping me in my vagina. Pain shot through my middle back as the pressure of his body pushed my vertebrae into the hard surface again and again. I felt the skin tear more and more as he thrust violently in and out of me. My back felt like it was going to break. (Rape in this position has happened so many times that I believe I sustained nerve damage in my mid-back because it is always numb.) The water had turned ice cold and was splashing all around us and into my mouth as I sobbed. It seemed to go on forever. He finally finished and pulled away. I didn't dare move. He climbed out of the tub, slicked his hair back with both hands and then shook his

head. He dried off with my towel and dropped it on the ground. He put his garments back on and walked out of the room with his clothes, calling, "Rosie!" I turned on my side facing the open door so I could close my legs and get off my back. The ice water was hitting my whole body. I thought I was going to freeze to death but I didn't have the energy or the will to turn off the water. My sobbing had turned to gasping for air. _____ walked in quickly carrying my fancy plaid dress, tights, and underwear. She frowned and made a noise seeing all the water on the floor and the shower still going. She turned off the shower and used her foot and my towel to wipe up the floor. Her demeanor was stern and matter-of-fact. She told me to "stand up!" Every part of my body ached and it took all of my energy to sit up. She handed me a new towel and I buried my face in it and started crying harder. "Get up! That's enough!" she said. She took my arm and helped me stand and climb out of the tub, but I could not stop crying. She toweled me off quickly and then handed me some toilet paper she had folded into a rectangle. My hand shook as I held it in my crotch and stepped into my underwear she held open for me. The paper would absorb the blood and semen. "Stop crying!" she said. I tried to stop by keeping my mouth closed. I was still shaking and couldn't breathe regularly. She helped me put on the tights and dress. I stared at myself in the mirror as she combed and did my hair. My face was mottled and my eyes were puffy and red. When she was done she told me to run and get my coat and school bag and get in the car. I obeyed. We walked out to the carport and dad, _____ were in the car with it running. I stopped crying. _____ and I got in and we drove to the Provo Tabernacle to see the Utah Valley Symphony. Only _____ spoke briefly on the drive there. We sat in the upper right balcony overlooking the orchestra. I waited for _____ to sit next to _____ and I sat at the end. The wooden benches were so painful to sit on. Even though I was cold I sat on my coat to try and pad my bottom. There was no lady-like position I could sit in that didn't hurt. I tried not to fidget. _____ kept looking down the row at us to make sure we were behaving properly. I tried to finish my math homework for the next day but I couldn't remember how to do the problems. I knew I would be in trouble at school the next day.

2. Date: Summer of 1990 or 1991 (_____ years old)

Time: Late night

Location: TV/ Family Room, Provo House

_____ walked around and closed the blinds and shut the curtains of all the windows of the kitchen and TV area. They also closed the accordion door to the living room. _____, and I had just been bathed and were naked and shivering in our towels. _____ laid out blankets on the floor in the middle of the room. _____ took his pants off and sat on the blankets in front of the TV. _____ was wearing a bathrobe and was naked underneath. She finished brushing our hair and sat back on the blankets. They both smiled and told us to pretend to be cats or kittens. They talked as though we were starting a fun _____ game or

activity. This "game" was something we often played as a _____ and with each _____ individually as well. We obeyed and started crawling around on all fours, meowing. They continued to give us instructions. _____ said, "Can you clean your fur like a little kitten? Good!" and "Can you make little licks like a cat?" _____ reached to pinch us or tickle us if we crawled anywhere near him. I saw he was getting excited and both _____ laughed as we demonstrated cat behavior. _____ started touching himself and _____ watched him and us smiling. Then they told us to "clean" each other. We did so sparingly – for example, a quick lick on the shoulder and then jumped away making a cat sound. They both frowned disapprovingly. We knew what they wanted but were putting it off as long as we could. We all showed resistance, and so I knew _____ hated these "playtimes," too. We licked each other's bodies – arms, back, and shoulders mostly. They told us to rub on each other like our cats did to our legs. They told us to climb on top or over each other, like kittens do. _____ demonstrated acting very sensual and slow moving, licking her "paw" and then rubbing it down her body. We copied her. They said, "Yes!" and "Good!" and kept smiling and laughing excitedly as we followed their directions. I was relieved that they were in a good mood. _____ told _____ to be good kittens and come lick his penis, while he leaned back on his hands. They told us to keep meowing. _____ called me to her. She was lying on her side and then rolled to her back, opening her robe below her stomach. She put her hand on her front and inner thigh and told me to lick there first. "Just little licks!" she said. Her manner was warm and playful, very different from her usual demeanor. She patted my head like a cat, telling me how soft and cute I was. I felt and saw her body starting to tense up. She started breathing harder and making her groaning sound (refer to experience #3). With her hand she directed my head to her genitals and leaned back. I kept licking. It was hard to do it right because she would move a lot. After a while _____ yelled the f-word and I knew he had ejaculated. _____ called for _____ to come over and lick her. She told them to each lick her nipples. _____ was crying a little, but both she and _____ obeyed. I was so tired and tried not to gag as discharge increased. I hated the smell of it. All of a sudden I gasped as _____ stuck his finger in my vagina from behind and wiggled it forcefully. I felt pain as his nail scraped me inside. It felt terrible. I tried to concentrate so I wouldn't stop and make _____ angry. She got so angry if I ever messed up. My tongue was so tired. All at once, she lifted her leg and kicked me to the side. Her very rough heel scratched my skin and it hurt. David straddled her and put his penis into her. She touched herself for a few seconds before she orgasmed. _____ told us to go put our pajamas on and get to bed.

3. Date: 1991
Time: Daytime
Location: Master bedroom, Provo house

I was in the kitchen when _____ called for me. I walked toward the sound

of her voice. She was in the upstairs hallway by the guest bathroom. She told me it was time for me to take a nap with her. I did not see _____ and thought maybe they were downstairs. I complained that I didn't want to take a nap. She told me I didn't have a choice and that she would tell _____ if I was not obedient. I followed her into her room. She locked the door behind her and started to take her clothes off. She told me to take off my shirt and shorts. I walked straight to the right side of the bed (centered under the big window in the room). It was warm outside and she pulled the bedding down so there were just sheets covering us. She was smiling, and talking, and trying to get me to think this was fun. It was not fun. I told her I had to go to the bathroom. I closed the door and stood there. I opened the toilet seat and made sounds like I was going to the bathroom. I took a long time and she called for me to wipe my bottom with some soap on the toilet paper and to wash my hands really well. I turned on the water in the sink and then looked to my left in the mirror. I just stood there for a while and let the water run. I looked up and stared out of the little window above the sink and watched the clouds changing shape. She called for me again. I knew I had to go. I turned off the water and returned to the bed. She told me to take off my underwear. I throw it off the right side of the bed so it won't be hard to find when I had to sneak out later. She pulled me into her with our front sides touching. She called me her "Baby _____" and told me to nurse her breasts. She started moaning a little. After a while she turned on her stomach and told me to get the lotion by her bed and rub her back. I squeezed out too much and struggled to get the excess back in the bottle. She started to get annoyed and asked what is going on. I rushed to fix the problem before she got angry with me. I started to rub her back and shoulders. She started to say "Lower!" and each time I went a little lower, until she had me massaging her buttocks. Then she told me to massage her back and inner thighs. I got more lotion. She turned over and told me to keep massaging her thighs and positioned my hand close to her vagina. She was moaning more and more. It was a horrible sound - a groan/moan/growling sound that was really deep. From my adult perspective, it sounded almost like labor pain grunting sounds mixed with moaning. It was abhorrent to me. She started to touch herself and then pushed me down on my back on the bed and straddled me. She dipped her vagina down and dragged it up my body over and over. She kept moaning. I tried not to move and hold onto the sheet with my fingers, as she had always taught me to do. Then she dipped down and rubbed me with her vagina on mine in circular motions. I saw the veins in her forehead and neck. Her face was contorted and scary. I tried to think about my dolls and playing with them with _____ when this was over. Then _____ rolled onto her back and told me to lick her, pointing to her vagina. I obeyed her, still trying to think about my dolls. _____ moaned more and more. She said, "Slower!" or "Faster!" and I tried to follow her commands. She moved my head up, down, right or left to pleasure herself. Finally she yelled out, sounding annoyed, and pushed me to the side and masturbated for a few seconds until she orgasmed. She convulsed a little then lay down on the bed and closed her eyes. She was breathing heavily. I did not dare move and "ruin it" for her as had happened growing up, but started

assessing my position and what it would take for me to get off the bed without her discerning it. After what seemed like an eternity I could tell by her breathing that she was asleep. I shifted my weight and carefully dragged myself off the bed until I stood beside it. I slipped on my underwear and gathered my clothes. I tiptoed to the door and turned the doorknob with great care so as to make no sound. I slipped through the open door and then bent down to see the workings of the doorknob parts as I carefully closed the door and released the knob. Then I stepped cautiously through the hall, avoiding certain areas that creaked until I was in the front entry. I slowly slid the door closed at the end of the hallway, hoping that _____ would sleep a long time because of the quiet.

4. Date: Fall 1991
 Time: Afternoon
 Location: Downstairs bedroom, Provo House

I was in my room downstairs, directly under the master bedroom. It was after school and I could hear _____ upstairs. I heard a sound and turned to the door. _____ was standing in the doorway and had a scary look on his face – his jaw was set and clenched and his eyes were slightly squinted. I was standing on the right side of my bed and started to cower and back into the corner. He grabbed my right arm with his left hand, grabbed my right leg with his right hand, and violently threw my body on top of the bed (face up). I felt a sharp pain in my right shoulder. Then he pushed and positioned me sideways in the bed and pulled my head towards him until it hung a little off the side of the bed. I did not dare make a sound but tears were running down my face. I bit my lips and breathed heavily through my nose to keep myself quiet. I knew if I screamed he would make good on his lifelong threats kill me and no one would come, except maybe _____ and then he would do something terrible or kill them, too. He always carried a Swiss Army knife with him and often brought it out to intimidate, threaten, or “teach” us to be good. He didn’t need it today. Then he took off his belt and whipped it violently on the bed, right next to me. I shook and sobbed. He unzipped his pants and put his genitals in my face forcefully. I couldn’t breathe and was terrified that he would smother me to death. Finally he stepped back a little and put his penis in my mouth. He started to move it in and out. It went too deep. I tried so hard not to gag or cough. If I gagged, I knew I would throw up. If I threw up, _____ would severely punish me for making a mess and ruining the carpet. I thought back on the many times this has happened. Sometimes she cleaned it with a rag and then would tell _____ to rub the dirty rag in my face, while she yelled and shamed and humiliated me. Sometimes she would make us eat it off the ground (all of it), the same way she would train our dogs not to throw up in the house. Other times she gave _____ orders to whip or spank me with his belt (the buckle end) while I am naked. To this day I have an intense fear of throwing up. I have had bouts of food poisoning and many stomach flus over the course of my life, but have rarely ever thrown up – all from sheer will and this

deep-seated fear.

Next [redacted] ordered me to undress and to get into what [redacted] and [redacted] called the "stink bug" position – head by my knees, bottom raised a little in the air. He grabbed the big Vaseline tub by my bed and put some on himself, rubbing himself for a minute. I waited, holding my breath because I knew how much this would hurt. Before he goes in, he gripped my genitals and dug in with his fingers – an unspoken threat to obey him. It hurt so much. Then he raped me in my anus. I could barely breathe from the pain. He held my hips and pushed me forward and backward. I gasped each time. When he was done, he pushed me to the side and spanked me once really hard. Then he dressed and left.

There was no time for me to cry. I knew I had to get cleaned up and dressed before anything else. If [redacted] saw me lying around like this she would be furious. I got up and went into the bathroom. There was a mirror on the door and I tried to look at my backside. I could see the red marks from his hands on my hips and from the spanking. There was blood smeared around my anus. I was still bleeding some and my skin there was red and swollen. I treated the injury as [redacted] had taught me: I put water on some toilet paper and gently wiped off the blood and I put Vaseline around the whole area and a little bit inside my anus– by taking new, clean toilet paper and wrapping it around my finger and NEVER double-dipping. As [redacted]

[redacted] taught and sometimes did for me, I folded toilet paper into a rectangular shape and put it in my underwear to absorb any discharge or blood. The dry paper scratched me. It stung and I could feel the skin swelling more around my anus. The Vaseline helped a little. I lay on my bed and looked at the ceiling. I put my pink baby blanket over me, a corner of it in my mouth to muffle sound, and cried. I couldn't be loud or he would come back.

5. Date: Fall or Winter 1991

Time: Evening

Location: Master Bedroom, Provo House

I were gathered in [redacted] bedroom. The curtains and blinds were closed. [redacted] were jumping on the bed. I was sitting on the bottom right corner of the bed. [redacted] and I were naked and just came from showering and taking a bath. [redacted] was sitting on the bed reading, wearing only garments. [redacted] was walking around the room in her bathrobe, naked underneath. She would often be fully naked, wearing only a bathrobe, or wearing only garments around the house. We also saw [redacted] naked a lot, outside of these sexual events.

[redacted] brought out some "dress-ups" for us to wear and laid them on the bed: baby clothing and blankets. She cheerfully explained that we were going to pretend to be babies tonight. This was another familiar "game." I picked up a bonnet and put it on. The house was cold and I was happy to have a blanket to wrap around me. [redacted] put on a bonnet, too. [redacted] had also brought some of our toy

bottles – the kind that, if you tilt them, the milk “disappears.” pretended to drink from it and was trying to make and me laugh shut the door and took off her robe and got under the covers giggling about it being so cold. took off his garment top and bottoms. They were both sitting almost all the way upright against the pillows. “Ok, ” said cheerfully, “Let’s be babies!” He crawled under the covers and started “nursing” mom. She started laughing hysterically. He kept turning to us and making faces so we would laugh. tickled him and said seductively, “I want to nurse you!” and pinched and rubbed his nipples. He told to come over and nurse other side. She obeyed. reached over and tickled both in their private parts over and over. was laughing hard and did the same groping and tickling to genitals. and I were sitting on the edge of the bed. said, “, nurse .” We looked at each other blankly. She leaned in and started lightly sucking on my nipple. I looked back at them hoping this was enough. kicked under the covers and told her she was a “bad baby.” jumped in surprise and halfway fell off the bed. laughed. said, “I have some milk for you, baby !” He pulled down the covers and exposed his erect penis. “Come here! I have a bottle for you!” he said. giggled and looked back and forth between us. She told to come and nurse her other breast. We both obeyed. spread his legs apart. I climbed between his legs so the covers were up around my back and neck. I lean down and start sucking on my ’s penis. I put my hands around the base and moved them up and down at a moderate pace, just as had taught me. said it was too cold with the blankets pulled back. pulled the covers over my head. It was dim but I could see and half of body. reached over and gave a fishy. (He stuck a flat hand vertically between her butt cheeks with fingers touching her anus and wiggled his whole hand like a fish. It was a ‘ game” from his side of the family and a constant occurrence at home and anytime we were with his siblings.) She jumped in surprise again. yelled and elbowed her. did it again, but this time I saw that tried not to move. I saw take hand and rub it around her genitals. It was getting so hot and stuffy and I was starting to sweat. I tried to push my shoulder and elbow up so that I could get some air from the side of the bed. It didn’t work. I was afraid to stop. After a minute, pulled back the covers and told me to scoot down. I obeyed. He brought his knees up and rolled on his side. He leaned toward and . He made a crazed face with his mouth wide open and tongue hanging out and wildly shook his head back and forth yelling, “Waaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!” He and laughed hysterically. Then he rolled over on his stomach and got into what he and called “the stink bug” position. His head was resting on the bed with his arms bent at the elbows, his hands gripping his head. His knees were bent and his bottom was up resting on his heels. He told me to put the covers over him and to lick his anus. My heart sank and I prayed that I wouldn’t gag and throw up. I heard direct to lick her vagina and to put her finger inside ’s vagina. (She had taught us - and we did it often - to put our finger inside her vagina and gently make a circular motion, pushing the skin outward.) I started licking bottom,

too repulsed to go to the center. He got angry and told me I was "a whoring c-word" (used actual word) and threatened "to tear [my] butthole open." I began to lick his anus. The smell and taste were repulsive. I tried with all my might to think about other things - sitting in the tree outside their window with my blanket during the summer, making accessories for my dolls, going to the annual doll show. started masturbating. He told me to lick harder and faster. was groaning and making other guttural sounds. started yelling, "Sh**, sh**, sh**!!" Then he ejaculated all over the bed. After he stopped shaking, he crawled to the head of the bed and ordered me to eat all his semen off the sheets. I obeyed. called for and she violently hit away from her. He walked around the bed and gave her oral sex until she orgasmed. We sat on the bed and watched, exhausted. When she was done she snapped at us to get out of their room and to go to bed.

6. Date: August 1999

Time: Nighttime

Location: Basement Sewing Room, Anderson Condo
3736 Little Rock Drive, Provo

took me to see Sixth Sense. She always said she hated scary movies and I avoided them, too. I thought it was strange she wanted to go but she said it would be a really special night out. I agreed to go. The movie was horrifying. I was so afraid even half way through that I just cried and cried. The little boy was tormented by horrible people and things he saw that no one else could see. I was so shell-shocked by the end that I couldn't stand up straight and had to assist me in walking to the car. I cried all the way home. I felt dizzy, like I wasn't in control of my body and everything was reeling. She put me into the bed that she and I shared in the sewing room of 's condo. It was positioned in the right corner of the room, filling a kind of alcove. When she came to bed she wore only garments. I was cowering in the upper corner of the bed, terrified of the images in my mind. She told me to come over to her side and talk to her. I didn't move and she pulled my arm to her. She stroked my hair while I cried and cried. Then she started holding me, tighter and tighter. She put her hand under my shirt in the back and rubbed my back. I just kept crying. I felt so exhausted and terrified I couldn't move. Then her hand moved to the front of my body (under my shirt). Then she moved it down to my vagina, first over then under my clothes. I had broken down into sobbing. Then she took my hand and used it to touch her breasts and then her vagina. My hand was limp and she did all the work. She sat up in the bed and against the wall. She took my finger and stuck it inside her. She started groaning more and more. She pulled my hand up and down with my finger inside her. I was covering my face and continuing to sob. She used her other hand to masturbate herself. She orgasmed and put my hand down on the bed. She just lay there, half sitting against the wall and patted my head. I felt absolutely wretched and cried myself to sleep.